

ALL NEW



beetle bailey

BEETLE BAILEY
NO. 102
OCT.
CDC
ONLY
20¢ UK
6p



MORT
WALKER



beetle bailey[®]

by mort walker



I CAN SEE
A BILLBOARD

TRY THE ARMY

IT'S
GOOD!
GOOD!
GOOD!

OUR HIKES ARE
10% LONGER



AND I CAN
HEAR THE
RADIO
ANNOUNCERS

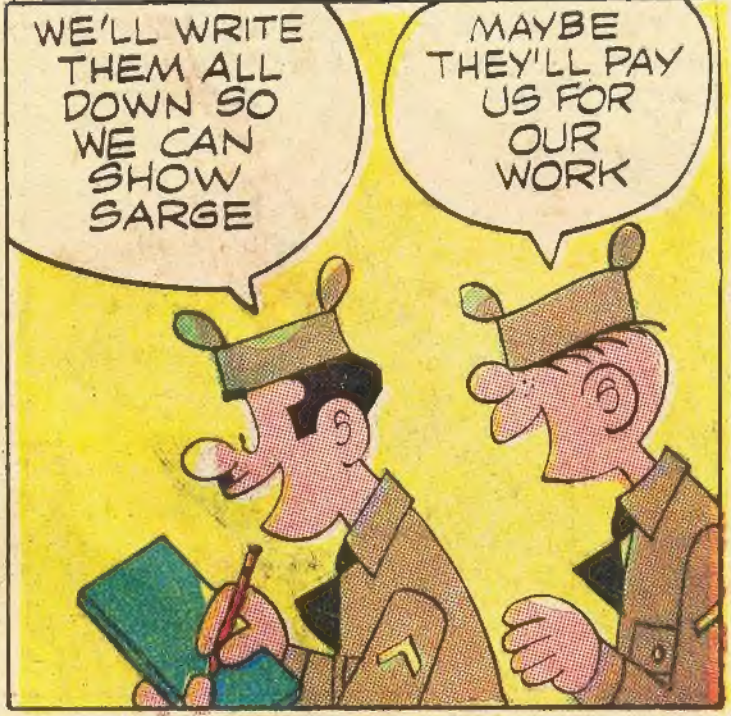
THE U.S. ARMY HAS BEEN TESTED
BY OVER 20 MILLION MEN.
ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES!
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
OR YOUR ACHING BACK.

BLAB

HOW ABOUT NEWSPAPER
AND MAGAZINE ADS
WITH A PICTURE OF
A PRETTY GIRL?

SEND IN A BOX TOP
FROM A PACKAGE
OF G.I. MUSH AND
GET **FREE** WITHOUT
CHARGE ONE FANCY
PRINTED DRAFT NOTICE
-- SIGNED BY THE
PRESIDENT (ONLY
ONE TO A CUSTOMER)





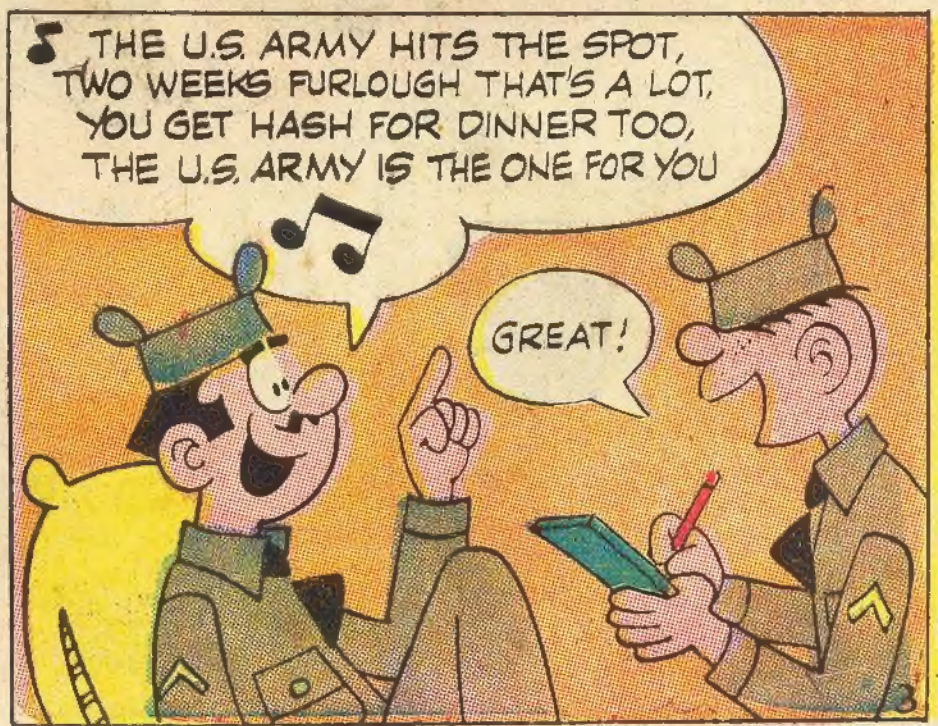
AND THEN THERE'S TELEVISION!

MORE GENERALS PREFER THE U.S. ARMY THAN ANY OTHER ARMY-- ACCORDING TO AN INDEPENDENT SURVEY

IN NEW YORK
CALL DRIFTWOOD
2-5049

IN LOS ANGELES CALL
GLUEFOOT 8-9165

(A FREE SET OF CORN
PLASTERS WITH
EACH ENLISTMENT)



--THEN THERE'S
HANDBILLS AND
NEON SIGNS--

WHERE WERE
YOU TWO
AT ROLL
CALL?

SARGE, WE'RE WORKING
ON THE BIGGEST
PROMOTION PLAN
OF THE CENTURY

WE'LL
CLEAN
UP!

YOU SHOULDN'T
PUT THESE IDEAS
IN HIS
HEAD!

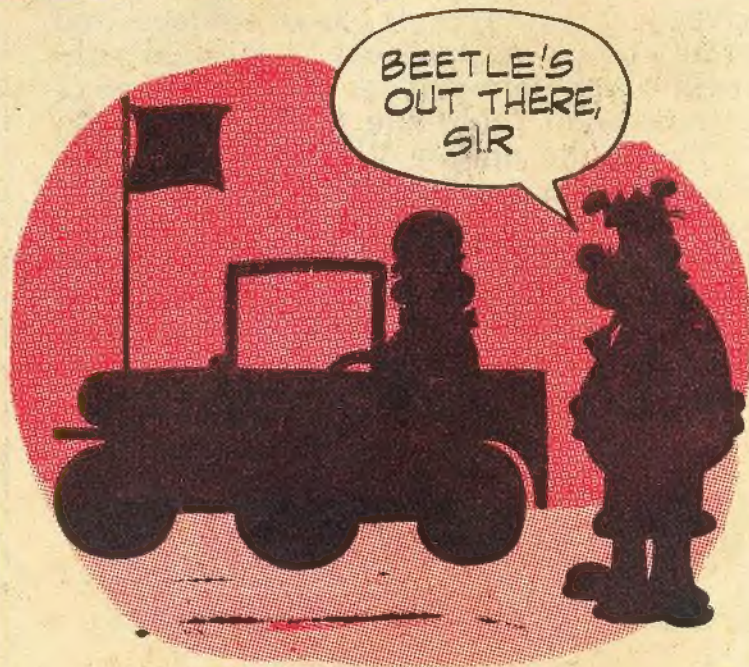
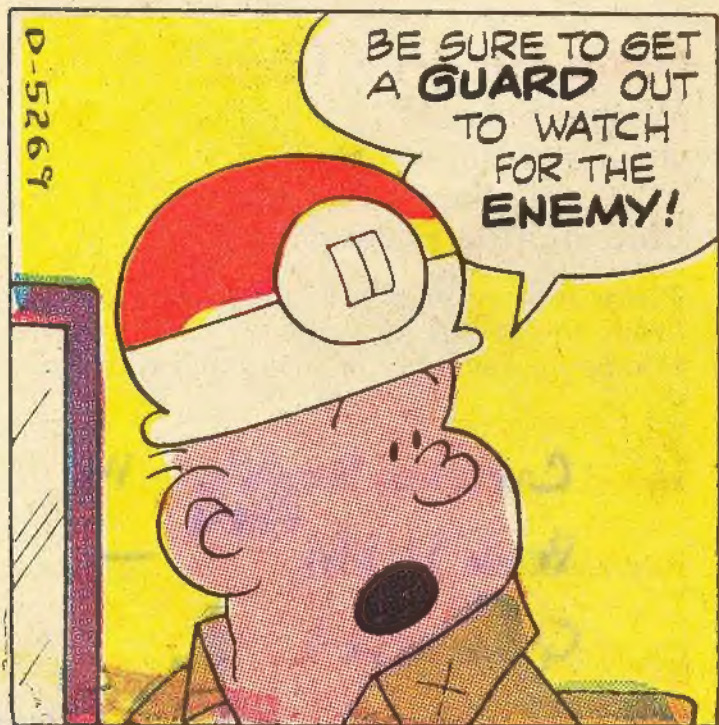
HOW'S THIS
FOR A WANT AD?
"HELP WANTED: APE,
NO EXPERIENCE,
NO BRAINS, NO
NOTHING, TO BE
A SERGEANT
IN THE U.S.
ARMY

END



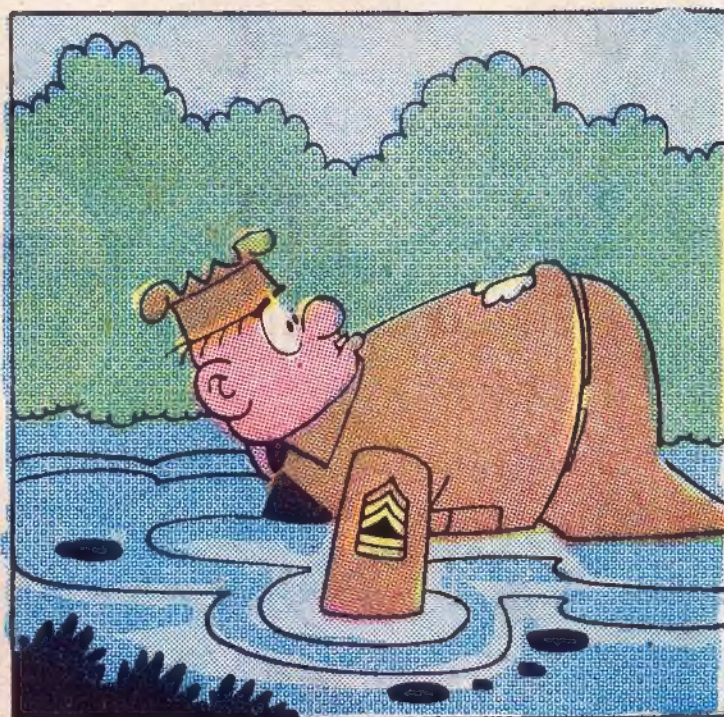
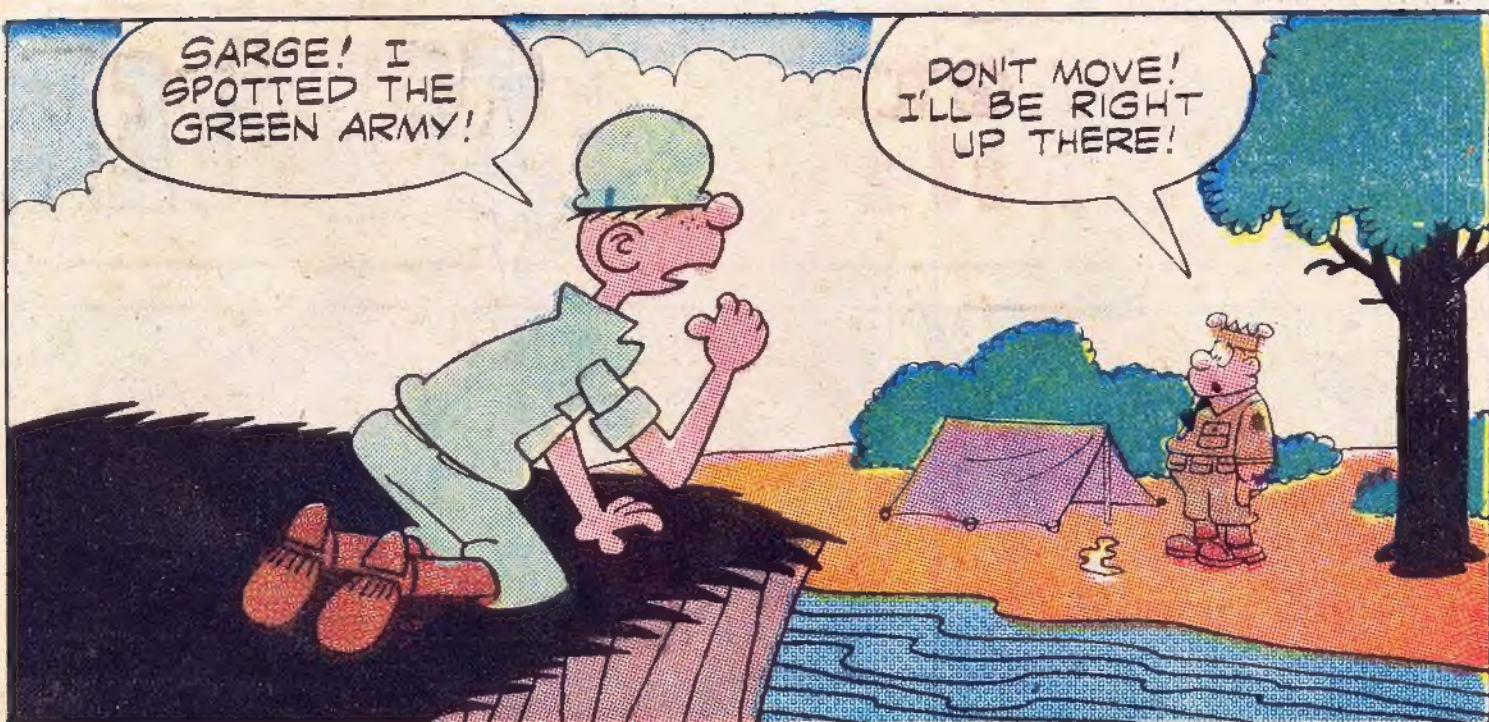
beetle
bailey

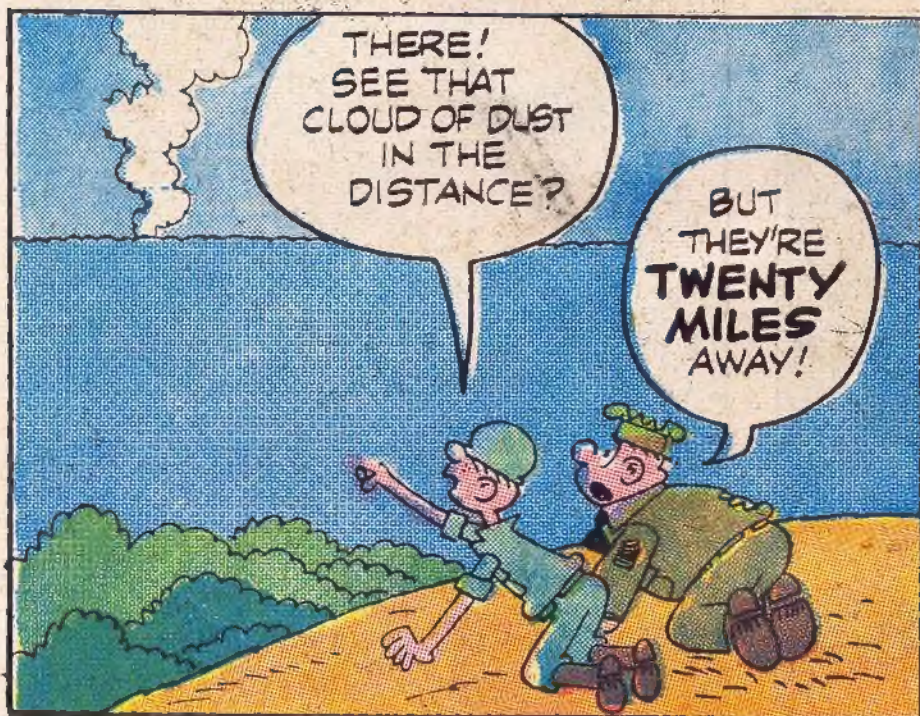
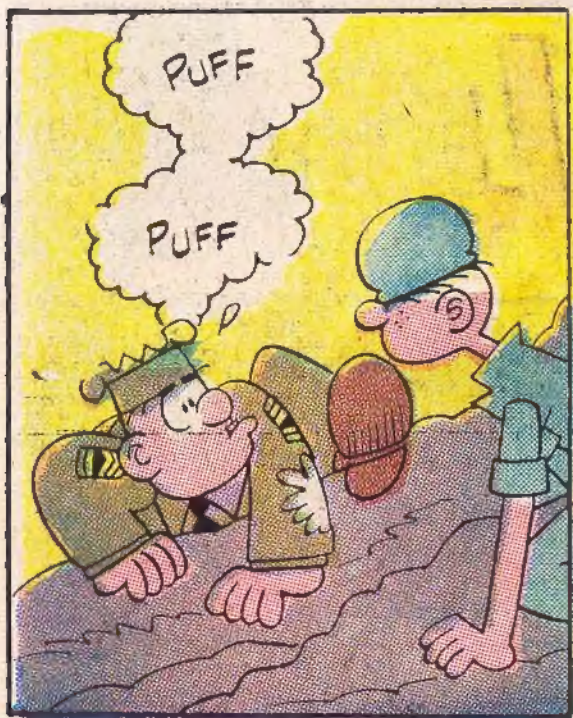
The SPOTTER



SARGE! I
SPOTTED THE
GREEN ARMY!

DON'T MOVE!
I'LL BE RIGHT
UP THERE!







BUNNY'S LETTER

GOLLY!
WHERE IS THAT
LETTER I
WROTE TO
BEETLE?!



WHAT DID
I DO
WITH IT?

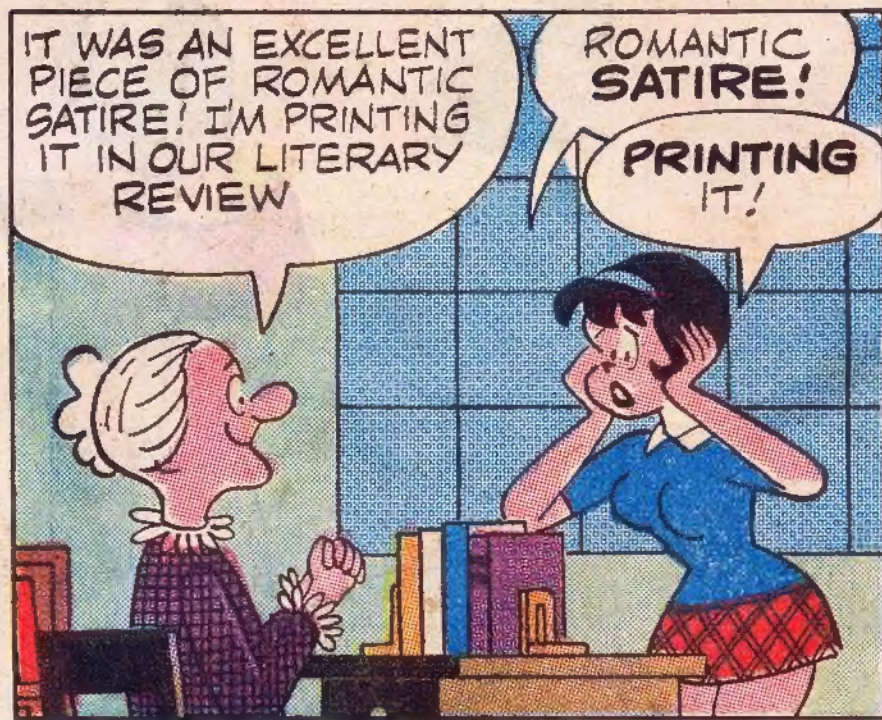
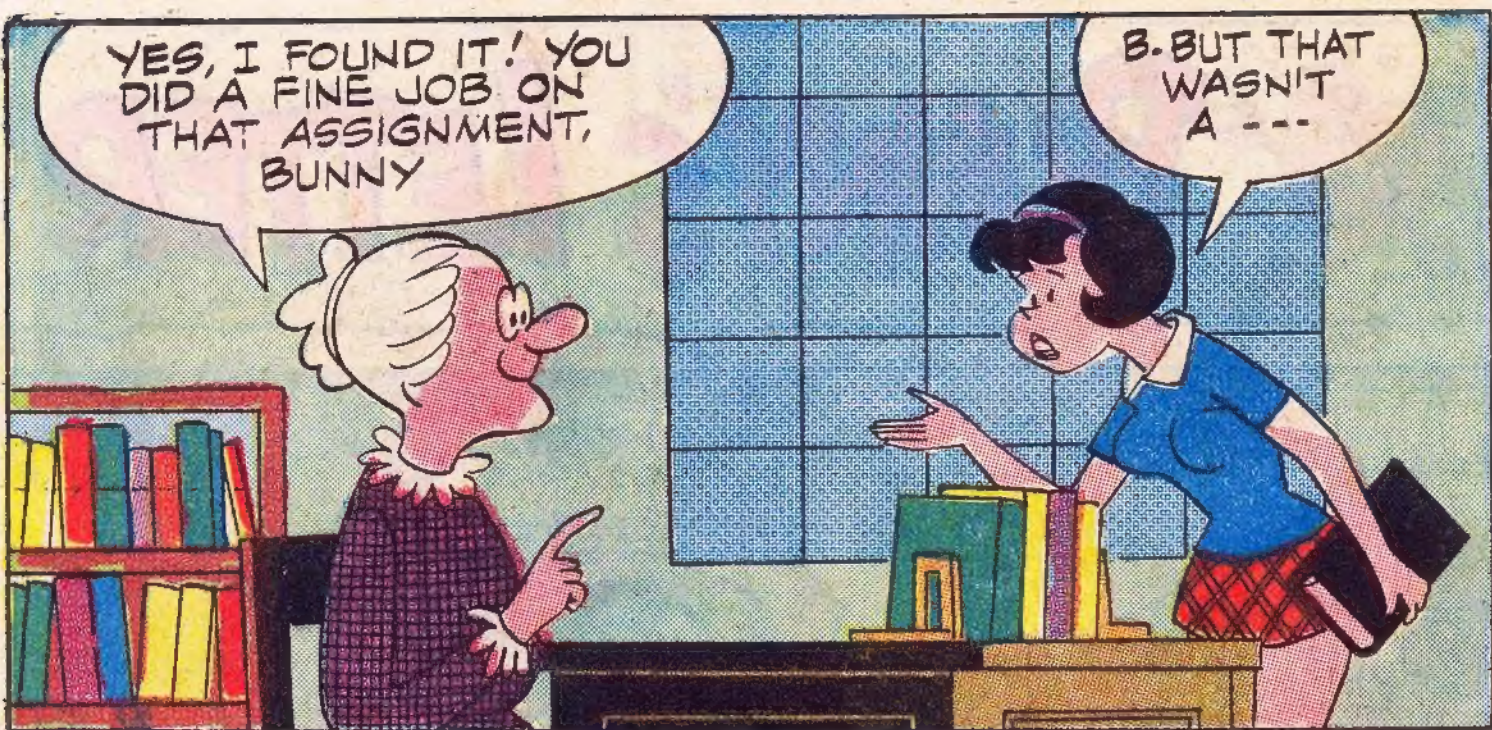
D-5263

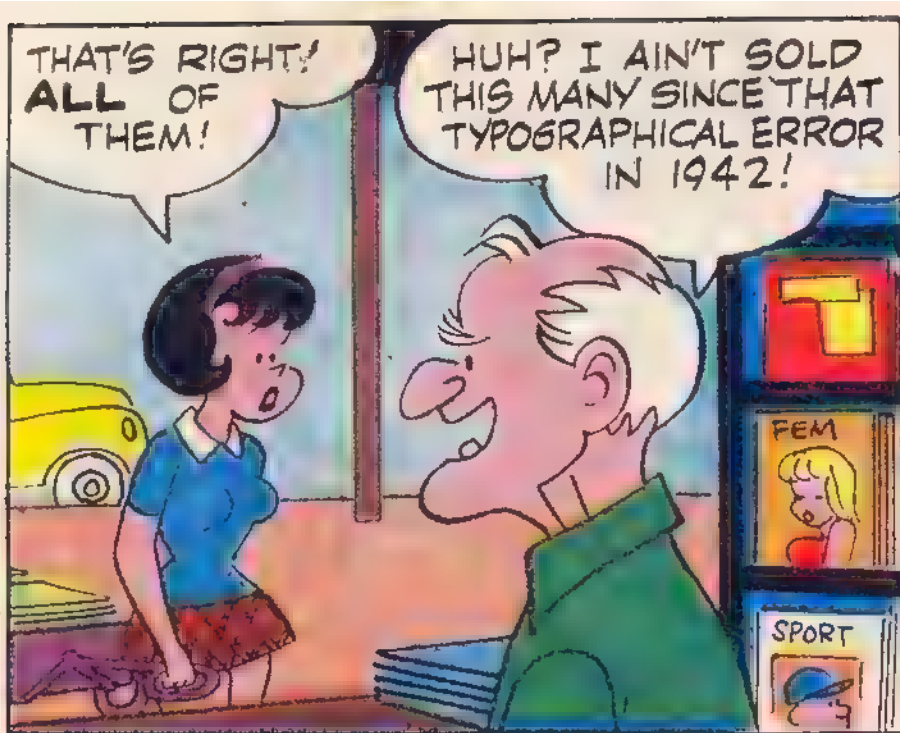
OOOOH! WHAT
A BIRD-BRAIN
I AM!



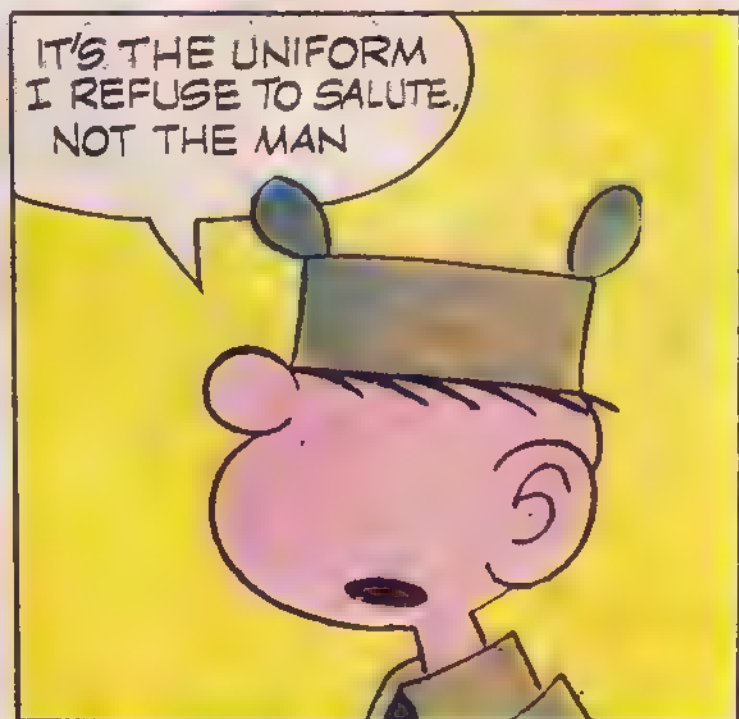
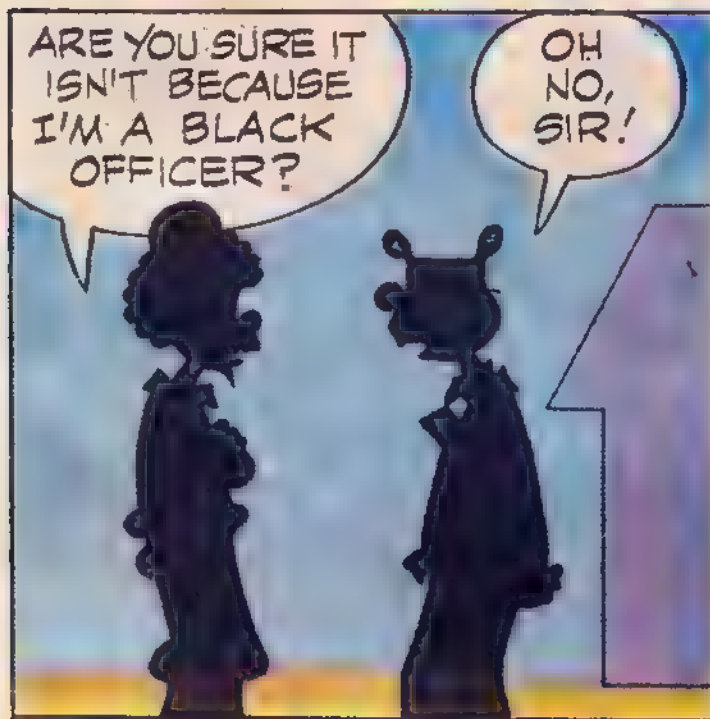
I LEFT IT IN THAT
BOOK I RETURNED
TO MY
ENGLISH
PROFESSOR

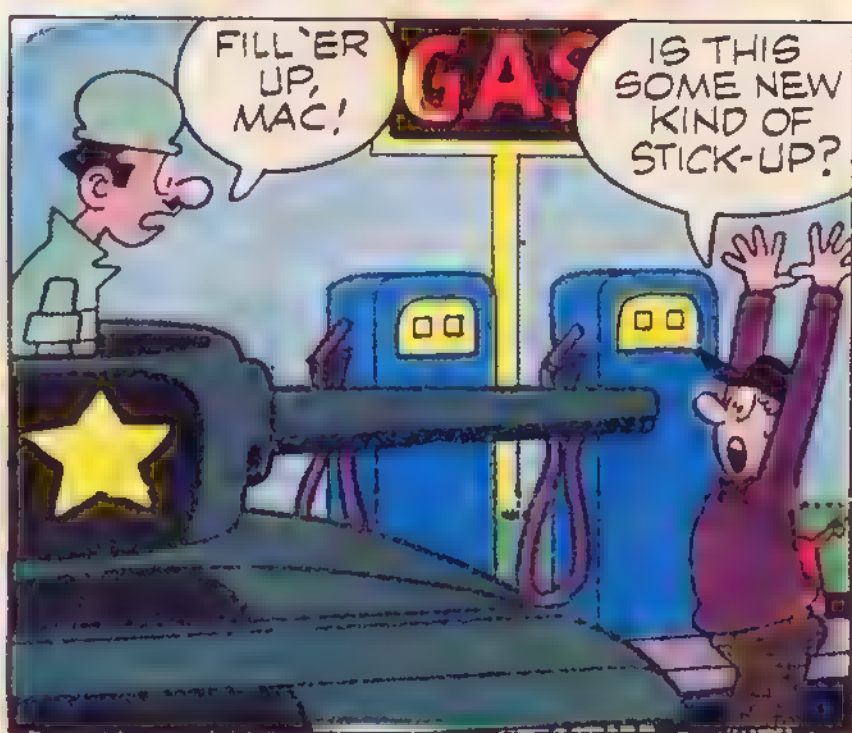
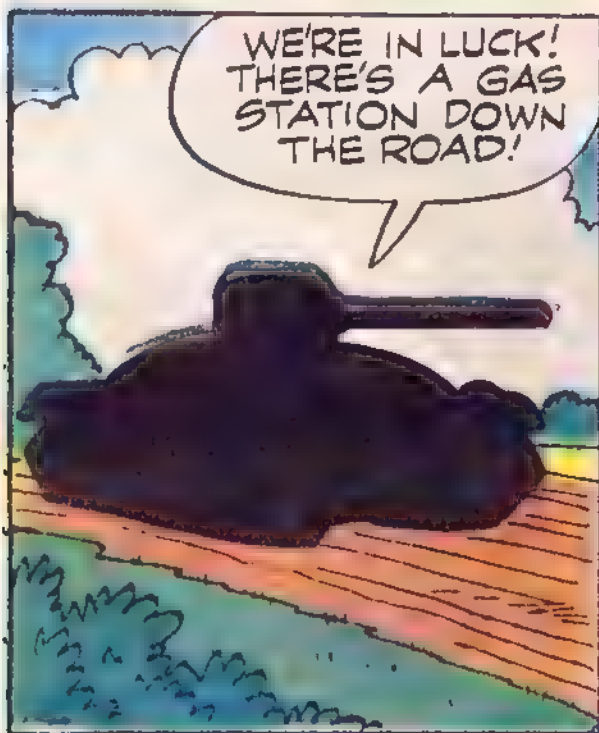
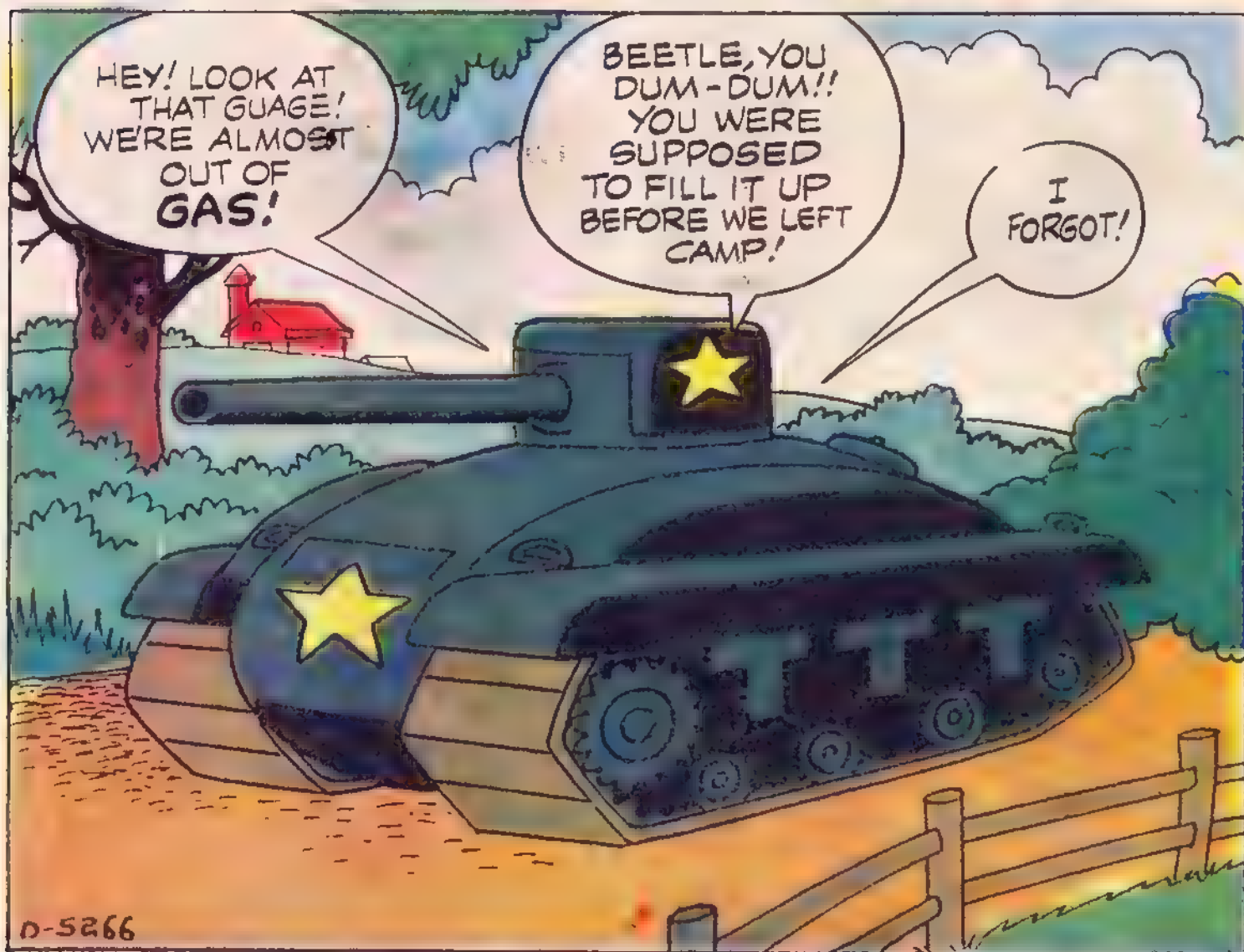






BEETLE BAILEY in NO SALUTE



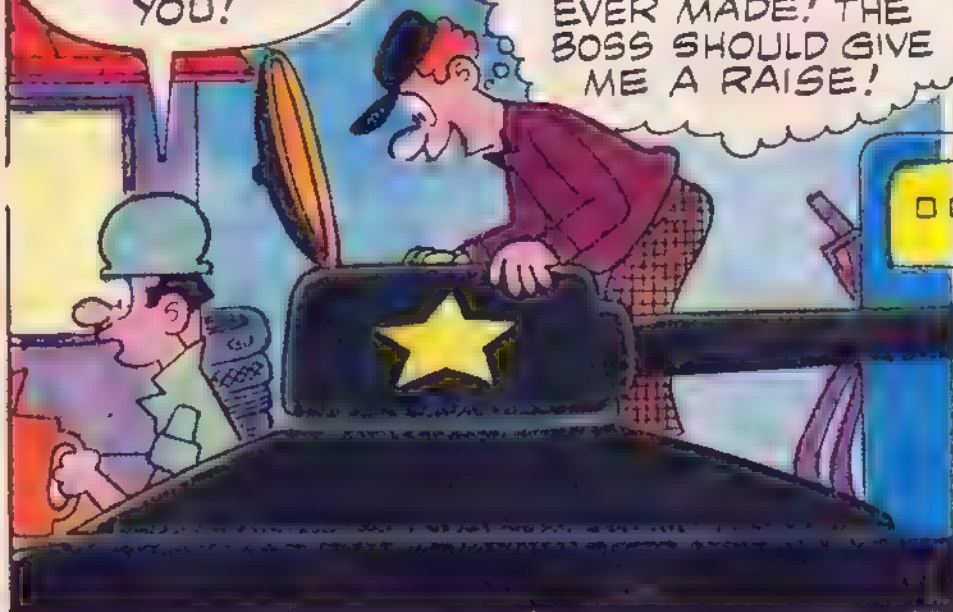


HURRY! WE'VE GOT
TO CATCH UP
WITH OUR
OUTFIT!



DON'T WORRY!
WE'LL PAY
YOU!

GEE! THIS IS THE
BIGGEST SALE I
EVER MADE! THE
BOSS SHOULD GIVE
ME A RAISE!



HEY! THAT ISN'T THE
GAS TANK!

HUH?



YOU SHOULD BEEF,
BEETLE. YOU GOT
A FREE DRY-
CLEANING JOB!

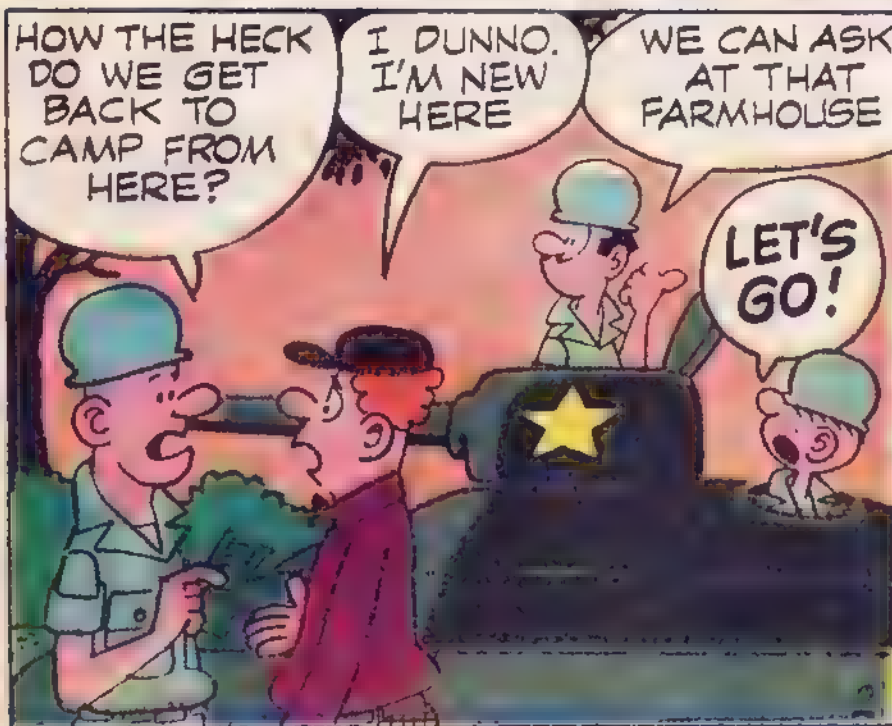


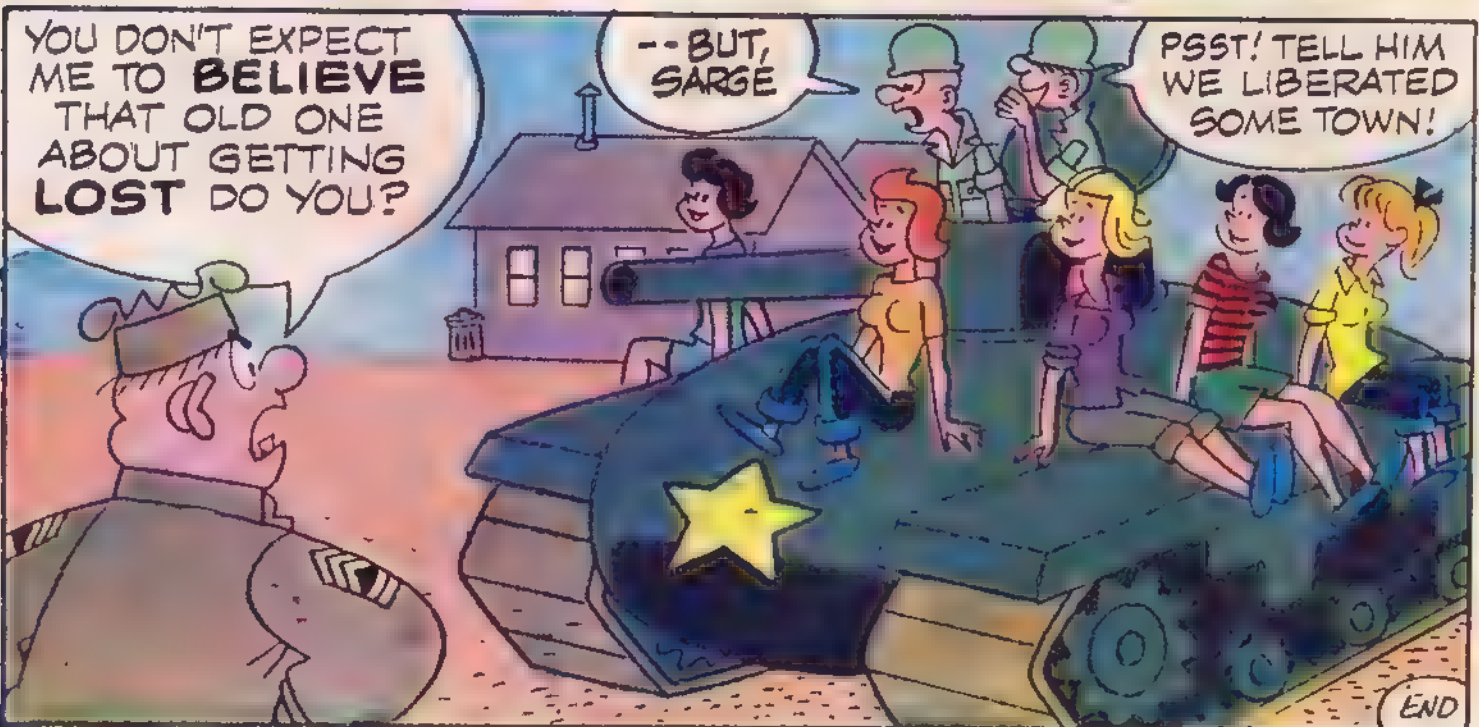
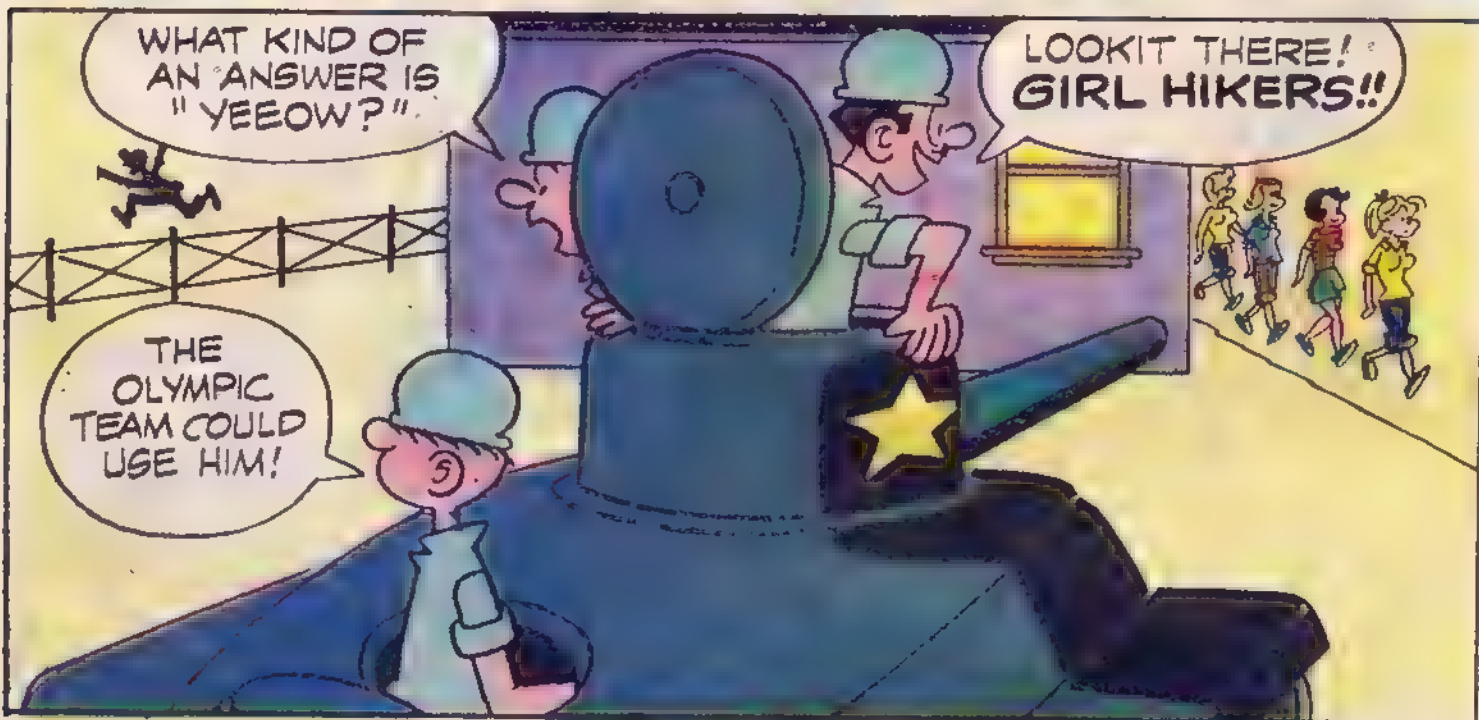
HOW THE HECK
DO WE GET
BACK TO
CAMP FROM
HERE?

I DUNNO.
I'M NEW
HERE

WE CAN ASK
AT THAT
FARMHOUSE

LET'S
GO!





SARGE in A Taste of Luxury



MAYBE IT'S THE
ATMOSPHERE
THAT RUINS
MY APPETITE

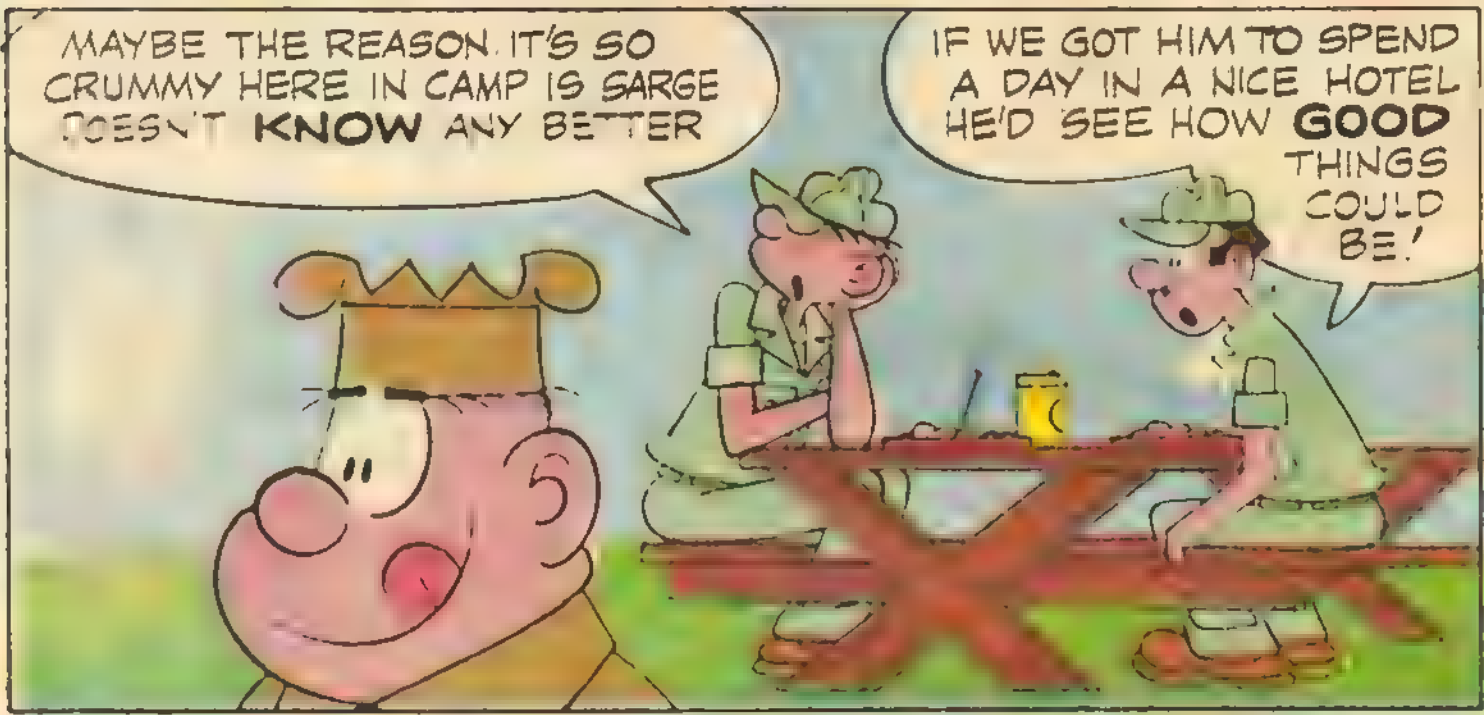




YEAH! COOKIE
PROBABLY WON
IT IN A CRAP
GAME

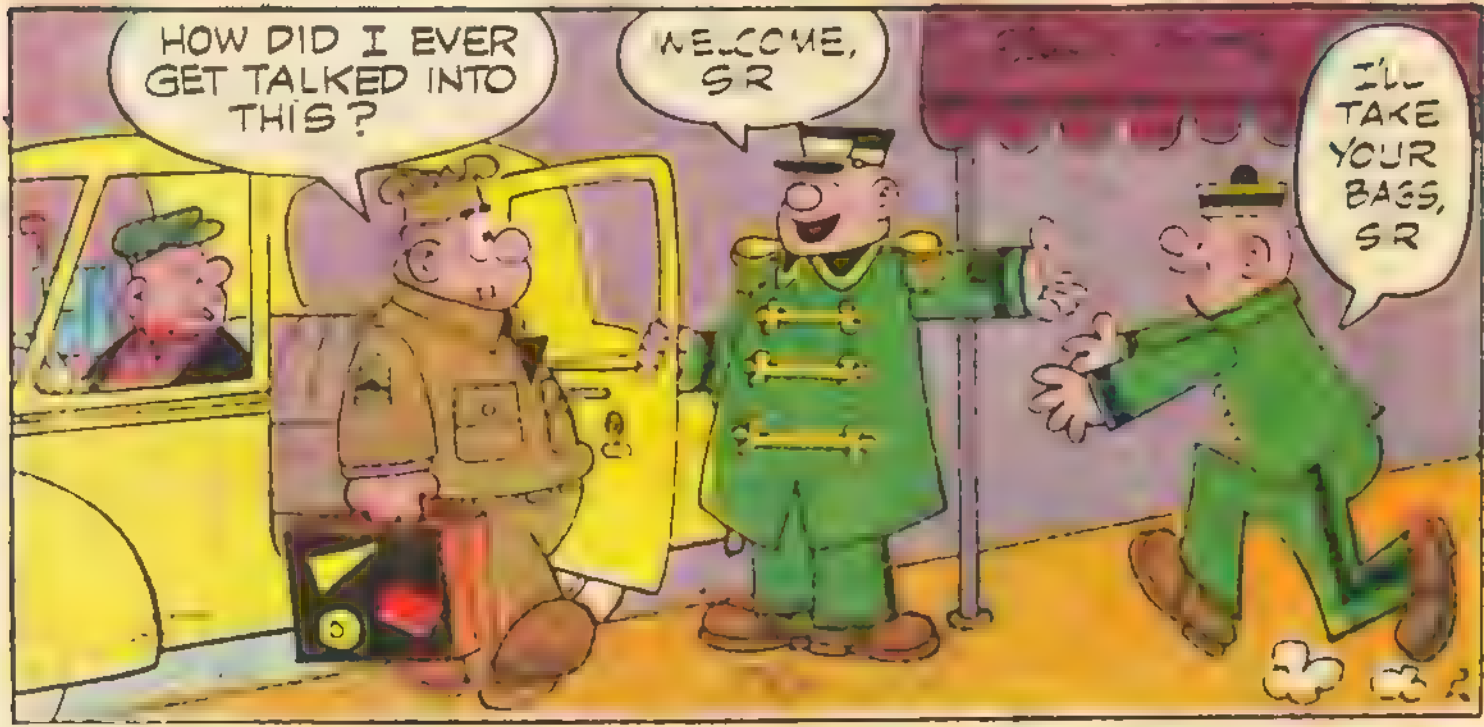


GOLLY! I'LL BET HE'D EVEN
GRIPE IF HE WAS
EATING AT
HEADQUARTERS



MAYBE THE REASON IT'S SO
CRUMMY HERE IN CAMP IS SARGE
DOESN'T **KNOW** ANY BETTER

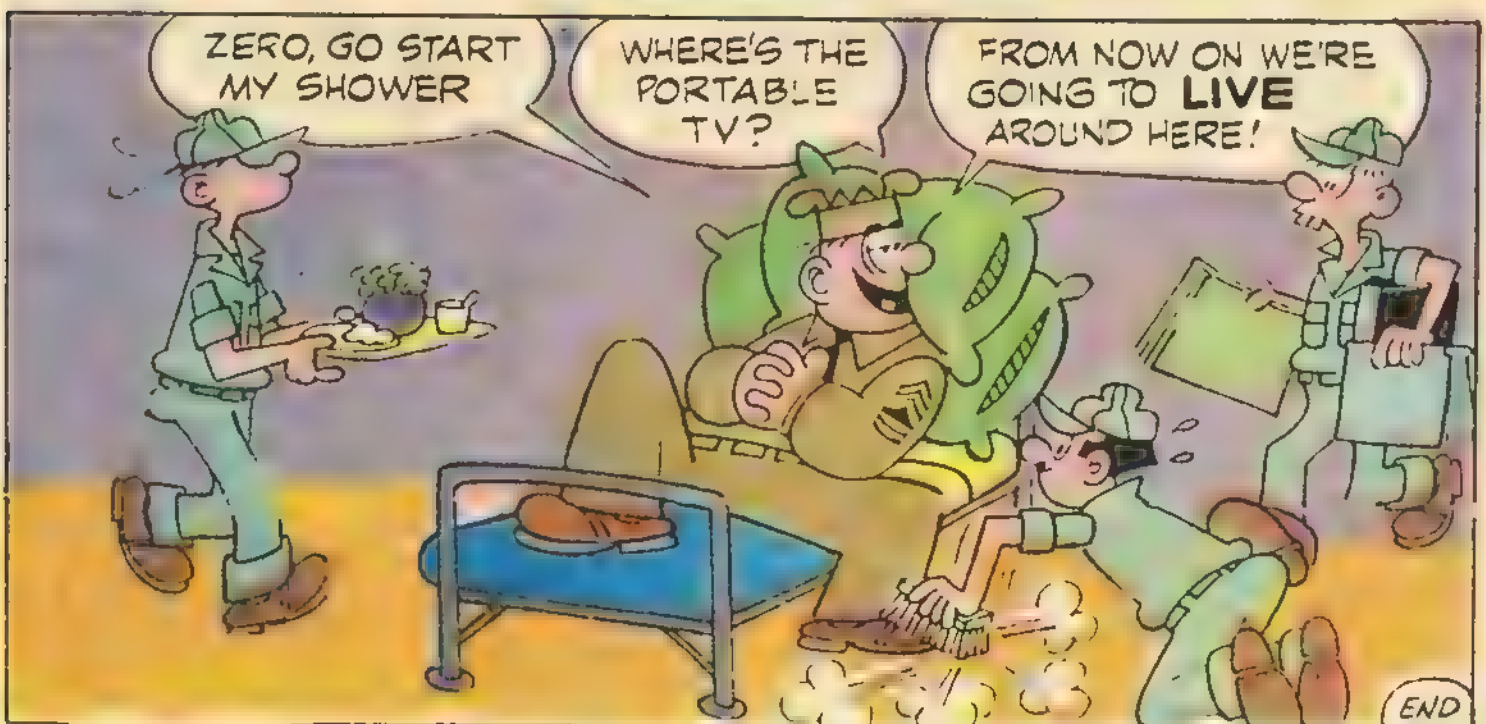
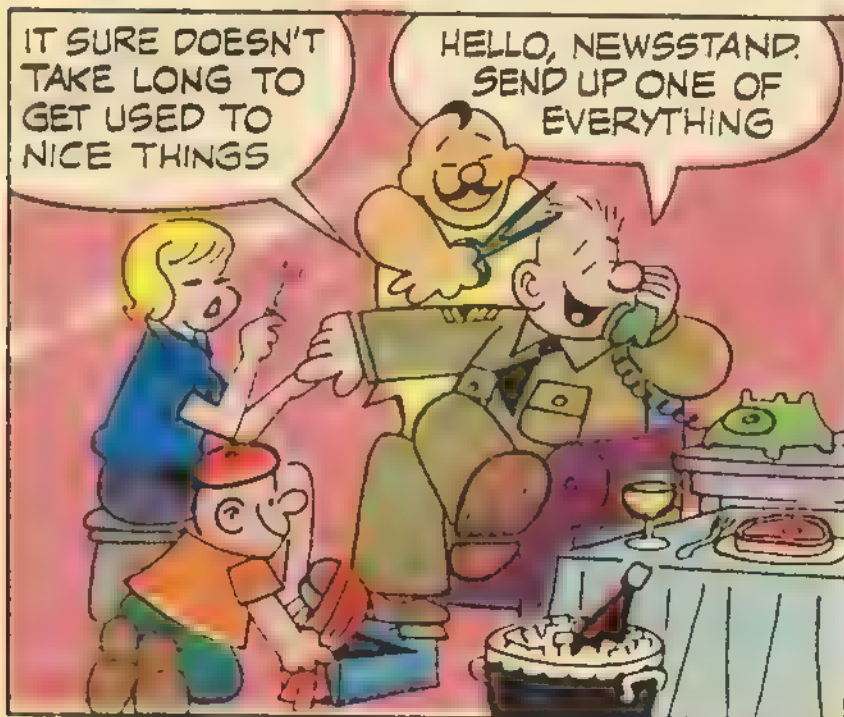
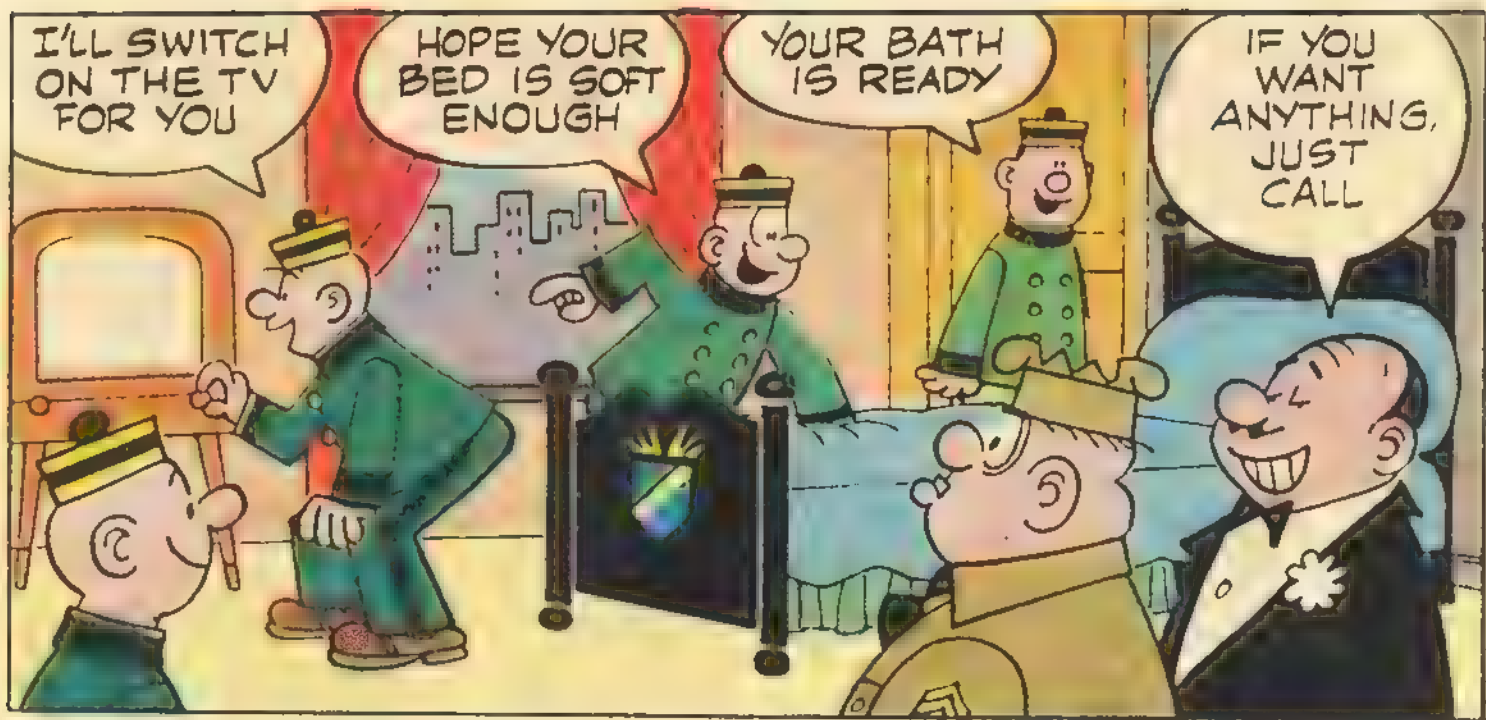
IF WE GOT HIM TO SPEND
A DAY IN A NICE HOTEL
HE'D SEE HOW **GOOD**
THINGS
COULD
BE!



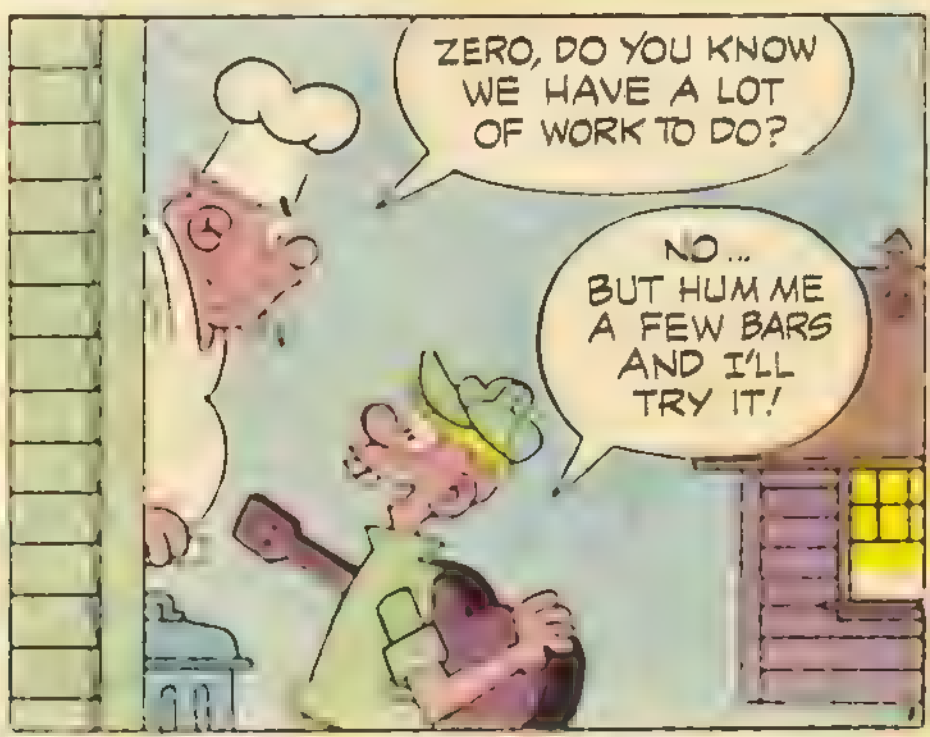
HOW DID I EVER
GET TALKED INTO
THIS?

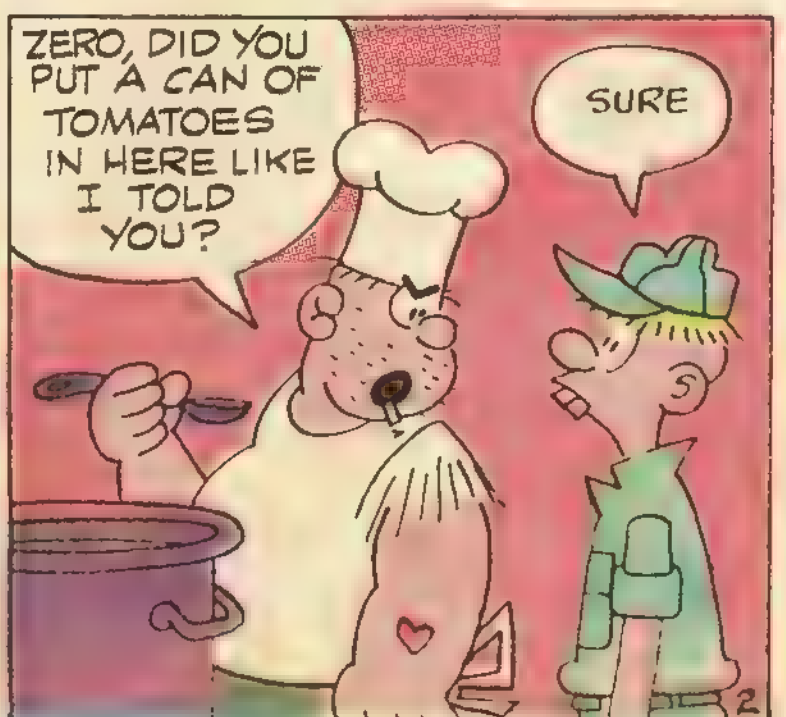
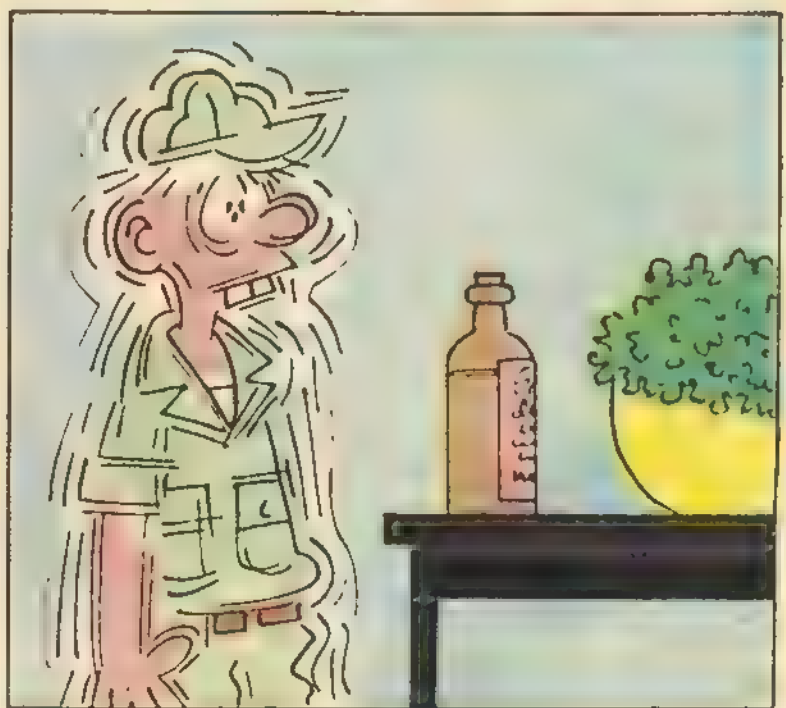
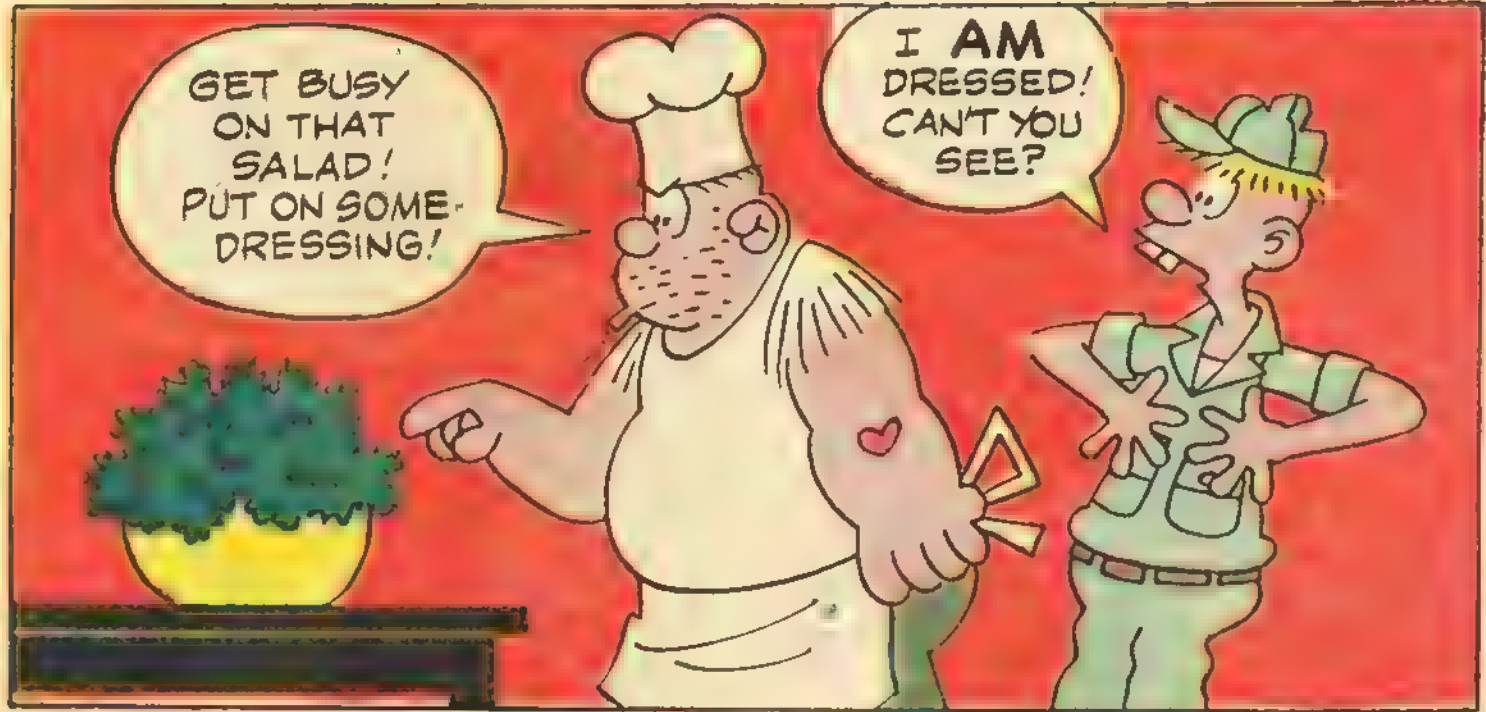
WELCOME,
SR

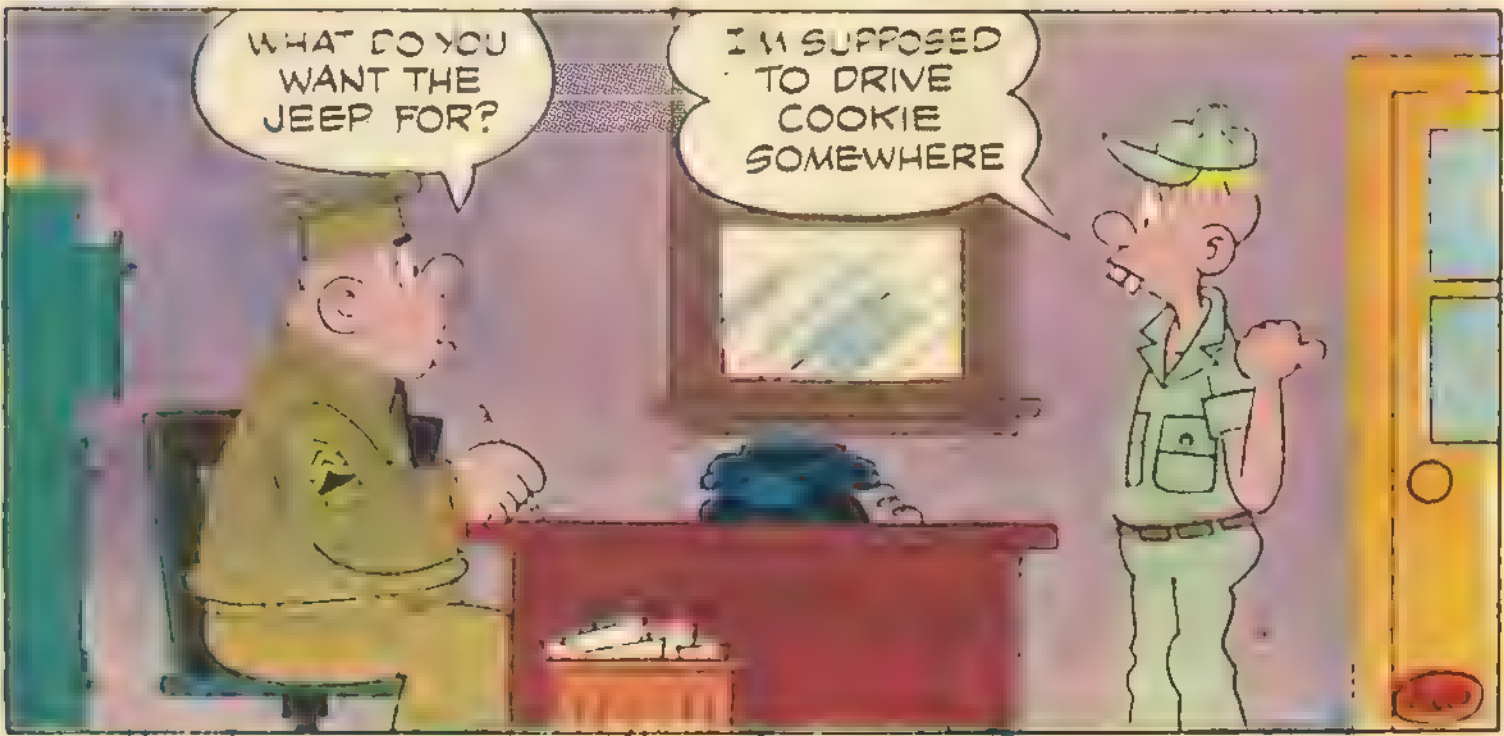
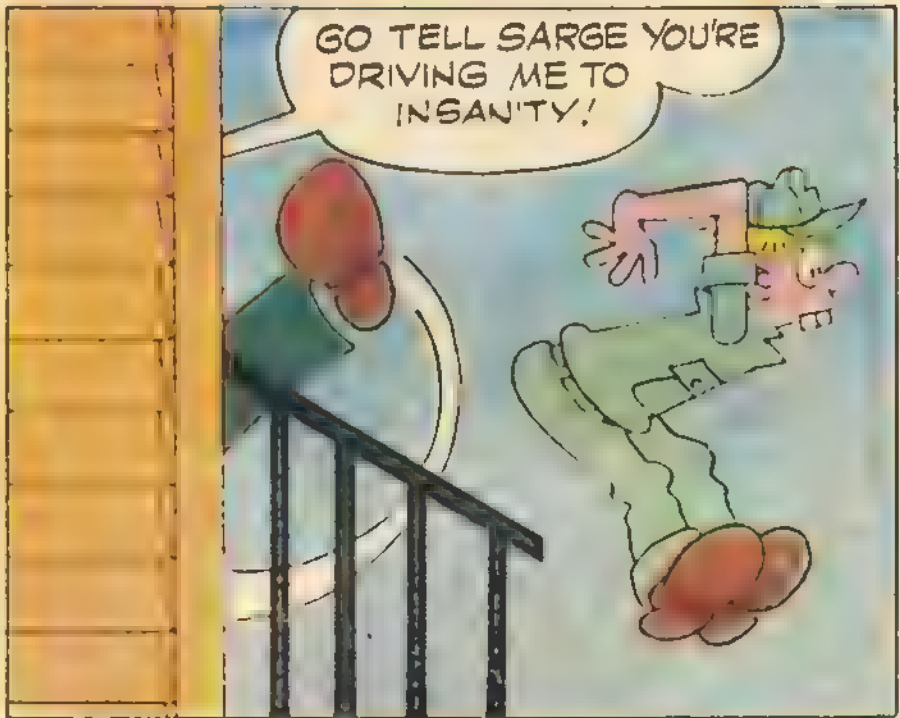
I'LL
TAKE
YOUR
BAGS,
SR



COOKIE'S BAD DAY



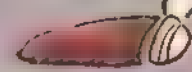




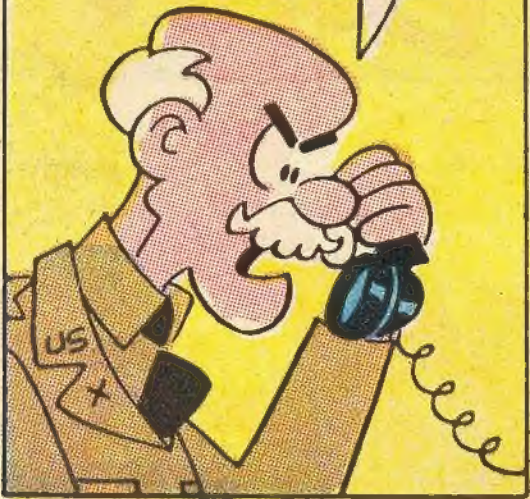
SARGE

in

SLOW BURN



YOU CERTAINLY
MADE A
MESS OF
THINGS...

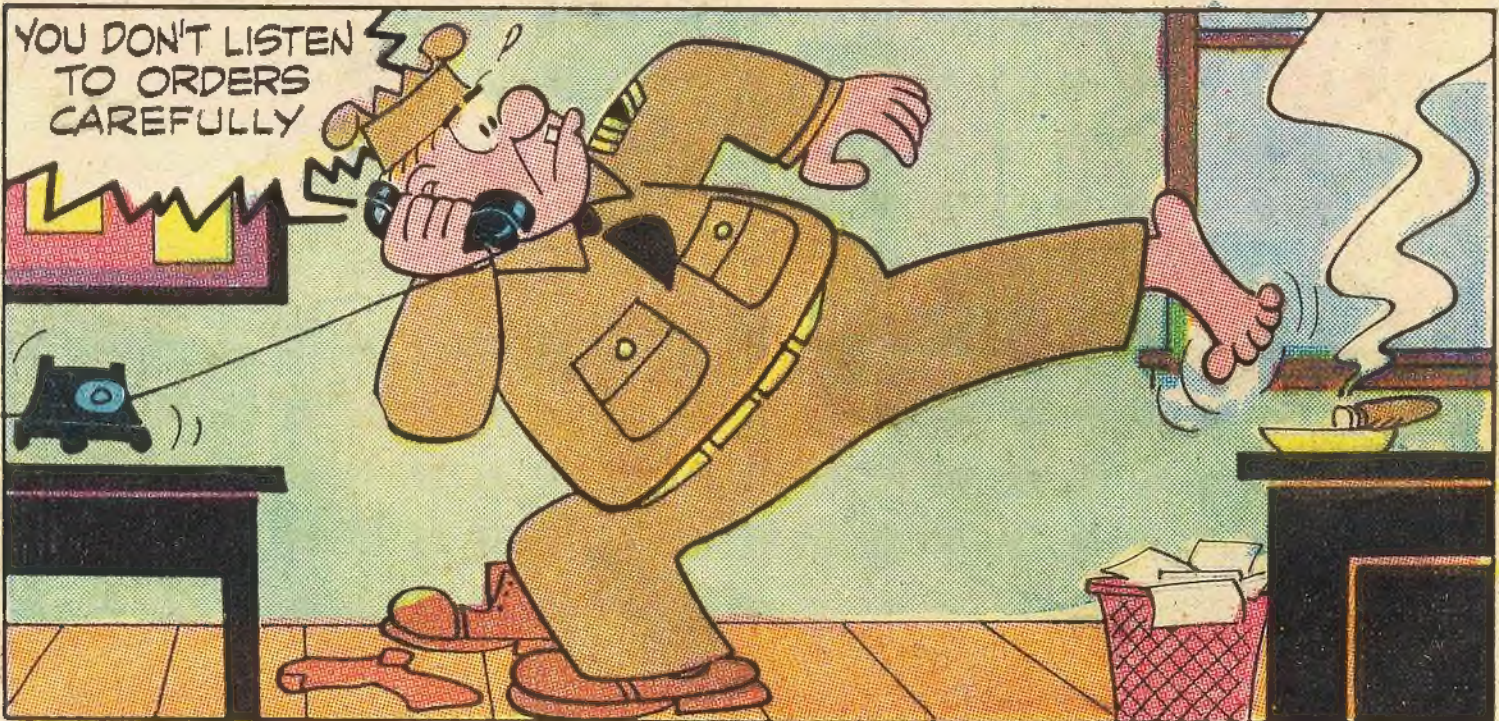


YOU FOULED UP
THE WHOLE COMBAT
DEMONSTRATION
YESTERDAY,
SGT. SNORKEL

I
DID,
SIR?



YOU DON'T LISTEN
TO ORDERS
CAREFULLY

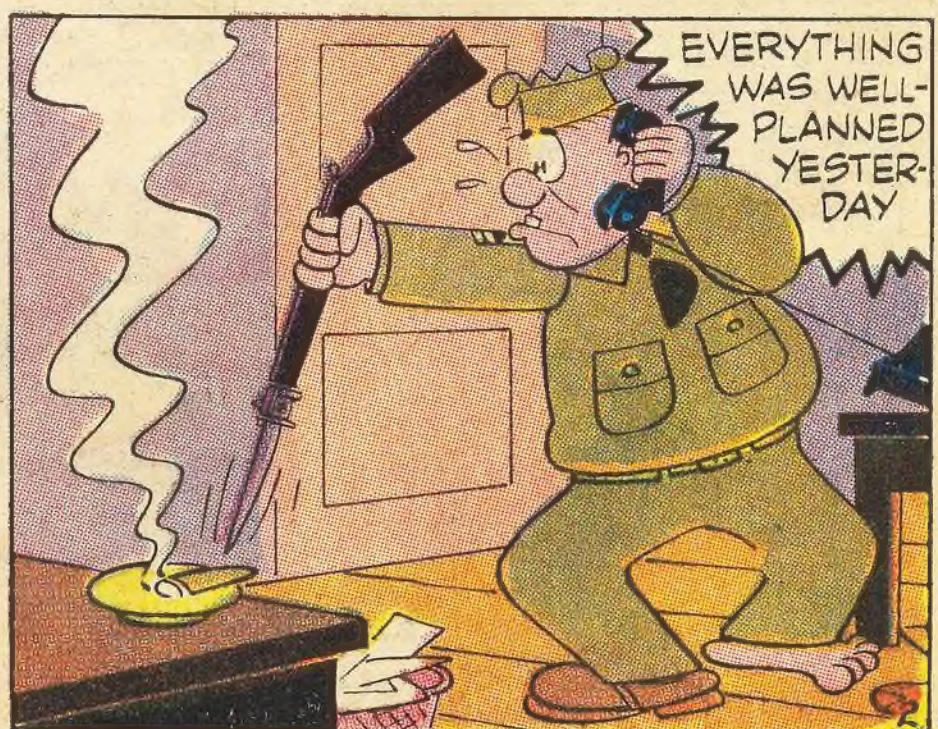


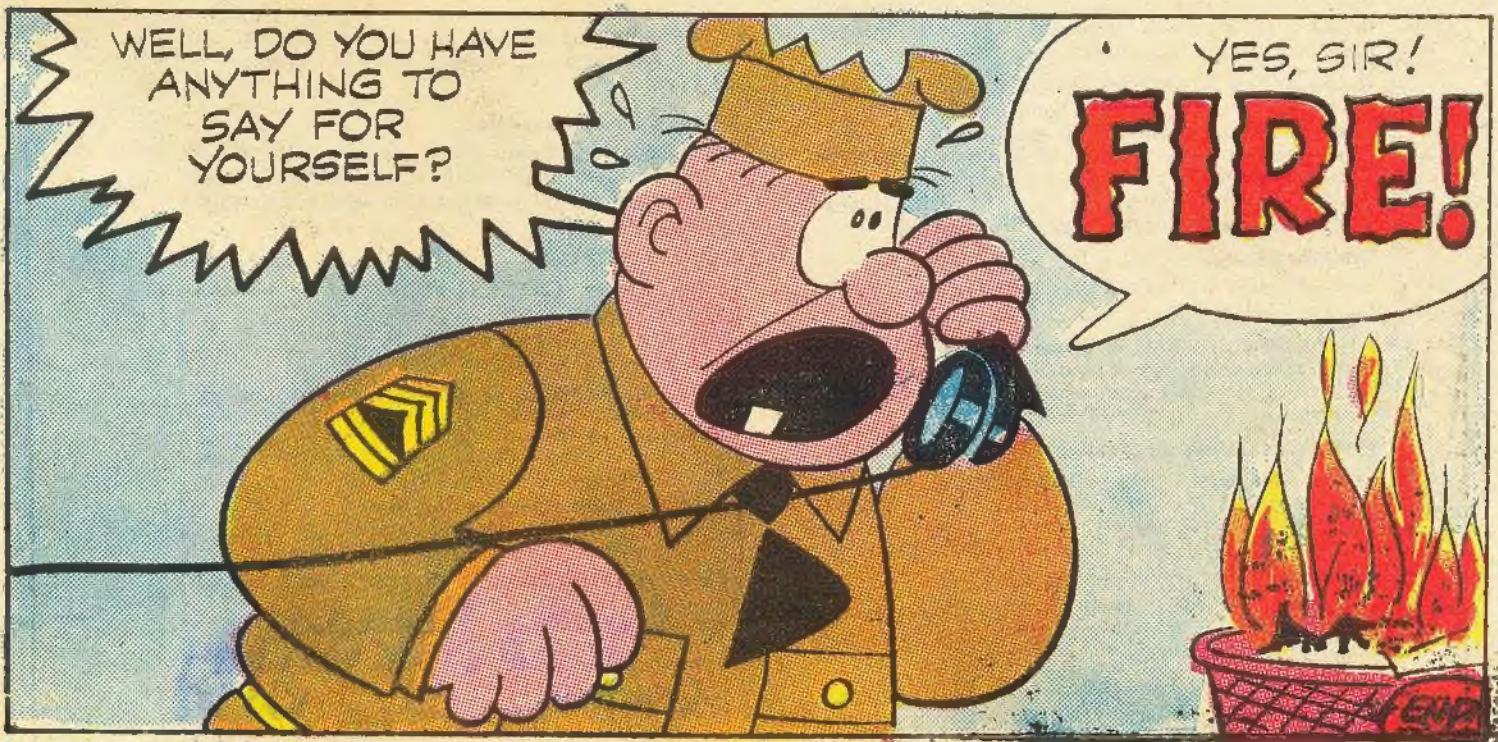
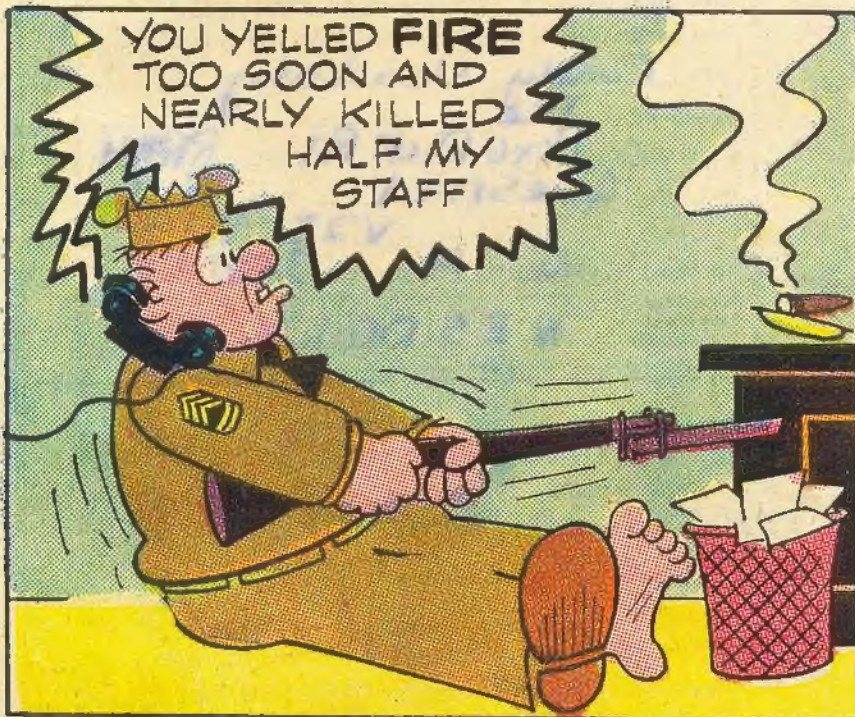
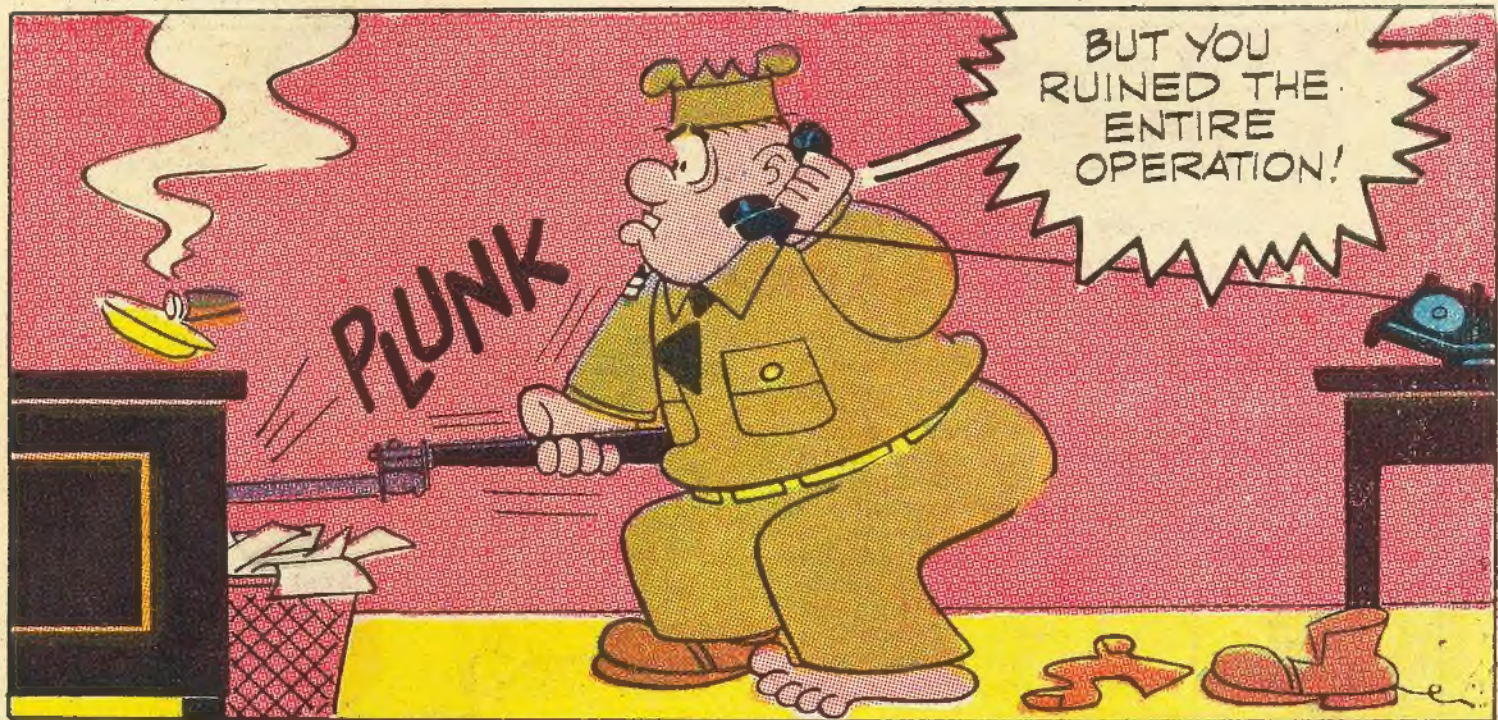
ARE YOU
LISTENING
TO ME
NOW?

HUH?
--- OH,
YES, SIR



EVERYTHING
WAS WELL-
PLANNED
YESTER-
DAY





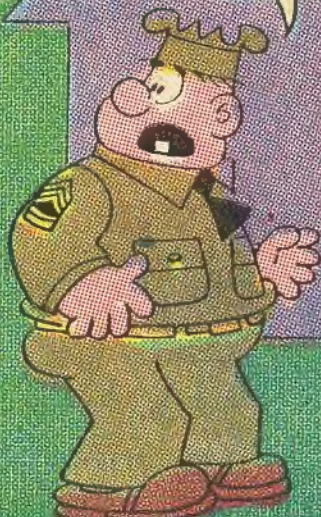
BEETLE BAILEY in BUG BIT

WATCH
BEETLE

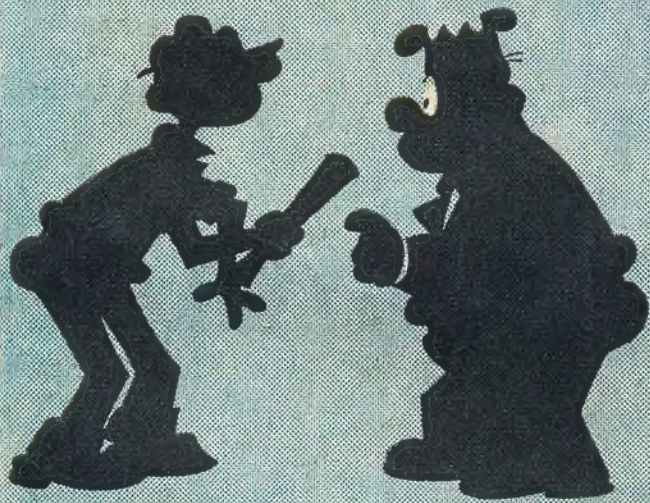
HE'S GOING TO GET
SARGE WITH HIS
PHONEY BUG BIT
AGAIN

HOLD IT, SARGE!
DON'T MOVE!
THERE'S A WASP
ON YOUR -

OH, NO
YOU
DON'T!

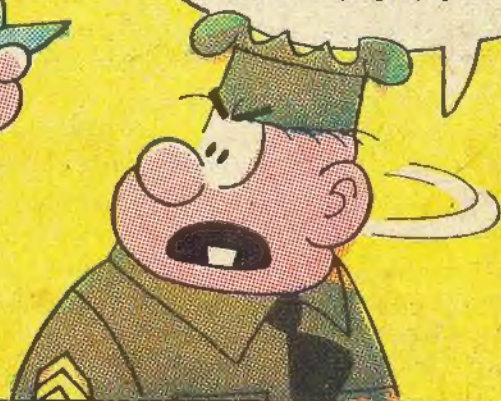


YOU'VE BEEN PULLING THAT
ON ME TOO OFTEN! NO MORE!



BUT, YOU KNOW
SOMETHING?
THERE REALLY
IS A --

I SAID GET
OUTA HERE!
YOU'RE NOT
GOING TO
SMACK ME,
UNDERSTAND?!



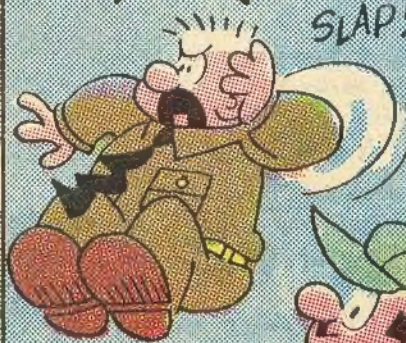
OKAY



YOW!

HOW DOES
BEETLE DO
IT?!

SLAP!



END



SERVICE SMILES

The Reunion

It was a reunion in Paris of a group of soldiers who had fought in World War II. Each was a winner of the highest medal given by his respective country. They hadn't seen each other for several years. Now the meal was finished and they were telling stories.

"My country rewarded me very well," said the former soldier from the Netherlands. "For my bravery in swimming through the canal in winter to blow up a Nazi boat, I was given a farm. And it was complete with everything."

"My country rewarded me very well," said the former soldier from France. "For my bravery in pinning down a group of Gestapo I was given a concession. I can sell all the papers and magazines I wish from a heated and comfortable little store. All rent free."

"My country also rewarded me very well," added the former soldier from England. "I have a nice civil service job. All I have to do is to fasten papers together. All this as a reward for capturing five German spies."

"My country also rewarded me well," added the former soldier from Belgium. "For blowing up a Nazi command post I am tax free as long as I live."

The American former soldier had heard enough. He arose from his seat and spoke. "Our tank group was stranded in the desert. I walked three hundred miles for help. Without shoes on my feet. Slowly my feet were being ground down. Inch by inch. For my reward my country gave me two new feet. Want to see them? Real flesh and bone!"

X Marks The Spot

The two soldiers had never done any salt water fishing before. So they rented a rowboat, hired fishing poles, and bought some bait.

"Where can we catch a lot of fish?" asked the first soldier.

The man at the fishing station sighed. That was the eternal question every fisherman asked.

"See right out there," he replied as he waved his index finger. "You'll find a school of flounders. Happy fishing to both of you."

So they rowed "out there" and the first soldier dropped the anchor. Then they began to fish. Maybe the fish were sorry for them. Maybe they were trained

fish. Who knows? At once the first soldier yelled,

"I got a hit. Must be a big one. I won't let him get away." And so it went all morning long. Fish after fish they pulled up. And then about noon they began to feel hungry. Hadn't brought any food with them.

"We got enough fish today," said the first soldier. "So we go back. We will come tomorrow morning again."

"But how will we know this same spot. What can we do?" asked the second soldier.

"I got a piece of chalk in my pocket," said the other soldier. "See! I make an X on the side of the boat to mark the spot where the fish are. Smart idea?"

"Not too smart," was the reply. "How can we be sure we will get the same rowboat tomorrow?"

The Martian Female

The first Martian Space Ship had made a successful one point landing in Washington D.C. It had taken two years of tough diplomatic work to prepare for this trip. The Martian Delegation was headed by General Hushitumbatomi. In charge of the welcoming Delegation was General Winston.

"On behalf of my government it is a pleasure to welcome you here. We are at your disposal. What ever you wish to do or see, you have but to tell us."

Needless to say there were parties, dinners, and all kinds of visits to different parts of our country. But the first visit was most unusual. For as the car carrying General Hushitumbatomi passed a place with a lot of noise, he wanted to go inside. Our General hesitated. It was a Hippie Establishment. But the party went inside. Nobody paid any attention to the visitors. As one later remarked:

"We thought that guy was going to some kind of an affair all dressed up like that."

But what caught the visiting General's attention was one of the latest music boxes. Playing an assortment of 45rpm with a variety of songs. With complete attention he watched the lights on it blink. Watched as youths dropped coins into the slots. He got closer and closer to that machine. Then he spoke to the reporter next to him:

"What a most charming young lady. Looks just like the women on Mars. Shame she has to come to work here and take coins for her songs."